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and by the indulgences which they obtain from the mercy of God. He showed how closely St. Alphonsus followed his Divine Master by seeking out the sinner and restoring him, by his preaching and his other charitable labours, to the grace which he had forfeited. Our Blessed Lord (said the preacher) shed one drop of His sacred blood upon His Holy Mother when standing at the foot of His cross, and another upon the beloved disciple; but upon the sinner, the penitent Magdalene, He poured forth a deluge as she embraced His feet. In the second part of his discourse he spoke of the writings of St. Alphonsus, the *sweet effusions* on which he seemed to have poured forth his whole soul and which embraced every subject of Christian meditation and practice. Thus we were instructed on the necessity of prayer and the Sacraments; on devotion to the Sacred Passion, the Holy Eucharist, and the Blessed Virgin, whose praises he preached and published during a long and laborious life, and who rewarded him with many wonderful favours. Your readers are probably aware that a new and much-improved English edition of the works of Saint Alphonsus is in course of publication by one of the Redemptorist Fathers—a work for which the Bishop of Southwark has obtained the especial blessing of the Holy See. A new translation of the “Glories of Mary” was lately published by Mgr. Weld, a beautiful Litany and Hymn (indulged by the Bishop of Southwark) in honour of St. Alphonsus were used on his feast, and the greatest devotion was manifested on the occasion. The Cardinal Archbishop has frequently preached at Clapham on this feast, and he observed on one occasion that there was not a confessional in England which was not more or less under the influence of the saint’s mild theology. The new translation of the “Glories of Mary” (which may be had of Mr. Wallwork, Great Marlborough-street, Regent-street) is put forth with the Archbishop’s approbation, who strongly recommends it to Catholics.

We have also before us at this moment a copy of the “Glories of Mary,” published by Dolman, New Bond-street, and Dunigan, New York (1852), under the imprimatur of the Roman Catholic Archbishop of New York, in page 783 of which occur the following passages, some of which exceed (if possible) anything we have yet published as proofs of the *ferveur of devotion* inculcated towards the Virgin by the modern Church of Rome:—

“The most holy Mary revealed to a soul devoted to her that it pleased her much to be honoured by her servants with the following devotions:—

“I thank Thee, oh Eternal Father, for the power given to Mary, thy daughter. Our Father; Hail Mary; Glory be to God.

“I thank Thee, oh Eternal Son, for the wisdom given to Mary, thy mother. Our Father; Hail Mary; Glory be to God.

“I thank Thee, oh Eternal Spirit, for the love given to Mary, thy spouse. Our Father; Hail Mary; Glory be to God.

“To thee we cry, oh Queen of Mercy, turn towards us, and let us behold thee *dispensing favours, bestowing remedies, giving strength*. Show us thy compassionate countenance, and we shall be safe.

“Oh mistress of all things—saint of saints—our strength and refuge—God, as it were, of the world—glory of heaven—accept those who love thee; hear us; for thy Son honours thee, and denies thee nothing.

“Come, hasten, oh lady, and aid with thy mercy thy most sinful servant, who invokes thee; and deliver him from the hands of the enemy. Who will not sigh to thee? With love and grief we sigh. How, then, shall we not sigh to thee, oh solace of the miserable, refuge of outcasts, deliverer of captives? We are secure that if thou dost see our miseries, thy compassion will not be slow to relieve us.

“Oh our lady and our advocate recommend us to thy Son. Obtain, oh blessed one, by the grace thou hast merited, that he who did condescend, with thy mediation, to become a participator of our infirmity and misery, may, also, by thy intercession make us to share in his blessedness and glory.

“In thee I have placed the hope of my whole heart. It is not possible, oh lady, that thou shouldst abandon him who places his hope in thee. If thou dost only wish for our salvation, it will be impossible that we should not be saved. Hail, daughter of God the Father; hail, mother of God the Son; hail, spouse of God the Holy Ghost; hail, temple of the whole Trinity.

“Oh Virgin, how beautiful art thou!

“Mother of my God, my heart is enamoured with thy goodness.

“Thanks be to God and to Mary.

“May all things be to the eternal glory of the Most Holy Trinity, and of the immaculate Mary.

“Live always, Jesus our love, and Mary our hope, with Joseph and Theresa our advocates.”

We beg our readers to remember that the above effusion, not inferior, we think, even to

the *Psalter of Bonaventura* in daring adulation, is taken, not merely from the undisputed works of a canonized saint, but of, emphatically, *The Saint of Modern Times*, a work, too, for which (if we are to believe the Rev. H. Marshall, and the *Tablet*) the Bishop of Southwark has obtained the especial blessing of the Holy See!

We can scarcely trust ourselves to make any comments upon it, but we ask any of our readers whether they can either believe that the language we have quoted was *revealed, or safely* address to any creature, however honoured or exalted, the attributes, and even the name of God himself?

We read in the 46th Psalm—“God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble;” but, according to St. Liguori, Mary is to be prayed to as “our strength and refuge; God, as it were, of the world, and the glory of heaven.”

We do not deny that there are passages in the above effusion which show that the Virgin is appealed to as an *intercessor* with her Divine Son, as well as the *dispenser* of favours, the *bestower* of remedies, the *giver* of strength, just as our blessed Lord himself is addressed by us as our *intercessor* with God the Father, and the *mediator* between God and man, though he is Himself one of the persons of the Ever-blessed Trinity; but let any man of ordinary understanding and straightforward principles say, whether even the most ingenious refinement can interpret *all* this to mean a mere invocation of the Virgin Mary to pray for the person who uses such devotions, or for his fellow-creatures. Is it not rather the language of one who was resolved, at all hazards, to exalt the Virgin to an equality with the Almighty, and to lead others to honour her as God? What effect must the circulation of such a book have on the large mass of persons to whom it is recommended by the highest sanction of the Church of Rome?

We solemnly think, not merely that the direct and practical tendency of such worship is to derogate from the honour due to the Ever-blessed Trinity, but that it has an inevitable tendency to render the Almighty himself an object of fear, and the Virgin an object of love: to invest Him, who is the father of mercy, and God of all comfort, with unapproachable majesty and awe, and the terrors of eternal justice; and then in direct and striking contrast, to array Mary with mercy and benignity, and compassionate tenderness and omnipotence in her love.

We find, in page 279 of the same volume, the following passage, strongly corroborative of what we have just said:—

“In the Franciscan chronicles it is related of Brother Leo, that he once saw a red ladder, upon which Jesus Christ was standing, and a white one upon which stood his holy mother. He saw persons attempting to ascend the red ladder; they ascended a few steps and then fell; they ascended again, and again fell. Then they were exhorted to ascend the white ladder, and on that he saw them succeed, for the Blessed Virgin offered them her hand, and they arrived in that manner safe in paradise.”

“Mary is, in a word,” as Richard of St. Laurence says, “the mistress of paradise, since she commands according to her pleasure, and introduces into it whom she will.” Therefore, applying to her the words of Ecclesiasticus, he adds, “My power is in Jerusalem; I command what I will, I introduce whom I will. And as she is the mother of the Lord of paradise, she is, with reason, also,” says Rapart, “the Lady of paradise. She possesses, by right, the whole kingdom of her Son.”—Page 280.

We have always held that even to offer prayers to God in the name and through the mediation and intercession of the Virgin Mary—much more prayers to her for her intercession—was a departure from the ancient doctrine and practice of the primitive Church, and, in fact, one of the devices superadded to the original truths of salvation, which was directly repugnant both to the written Word of God and to the faith and practice of the primitive Church. Here, however, we have a doctrine and practice

which leaves prayer to the Holy Virgin for her intercession with God far behind, and teaches a species of worship more suitable to the “glories” of a goddess than to the reverence due to the most exalted of women.

We hope our readers will bear us witness that we have never spoken disparagingly or irreverently of the Blessed Virgin Mary, or acted as if we thought that the cause of the Son of God is to be promoted, or his mediatorship or honour to be exalted, by decrying the worth and dignity of his mother. We trust that we, in common with every enlightened member of the reformed Church of England, shall never forget that she was “highly favoured,” and “blessed among women.” The Church of England, in her liturgy, her homilies, her articles, and in the works of her standard divines and most approved teachers, ever speaks of the Blessed Virgin Mary in the language of reverence, affection, and gratitude. But when we are exhorted by the saints of the Church of Rome to address supplications to the Virgin Mary, such as those we have above transcribed, and have no alternative but either to do so, or to protest against the errors of our fellow Christians, who, led away by the exaggerations of mistaken piety, consider St. Alphonsus Liguori as emphatically the saint of modern times, and a safe guide to follow, we can have no ground for hesitation—our love of unity must yield to our love of truth. We cannot join in a worship which would exalt a woman to the throne of the universe, and ascribe to her that sovereign power which is the exclusive attribute of God himself.

TO SUBSCRIBERS.

In consequence of the large number of Subscriptions still unpaid, the publisher will, henceforward, be obliged to discontinue the paper to such Subscribers as are in arrear. A Blue Cover will, it is hoped, be taken as a sufficient notification. We have already explained the difficulty of making special applications.

SHRINES OF JERUSALEM.

The shrines of Jerusalem, which attract crowds of pilgrims from all parts of the Christian world, have been for a long time a subject of dispute between the Latins and the Greeks, and it is well known that the politico-religious complications in which Europe is at present involved have partly, at least, arisen from the claims of Russia relating to those shrines. It will, therefore, we think, be not uninteresting to our readers to see the devout manner in which these shrines are worshipped by the pilgrims of the Græco-Russian Church; and we subjoin the two following accounts of this subject, written at an interval of a century and a half, in order that our readers may be able to judge for themselves whether the progress of civilization during this period has had much influence on the pilgrims alluded to above.

Possibly some of our friends may deduce from the sad narrative useful hints as to how dangerous it is for the priesthood of any religion to commit themselves to practices which will not bear close examination; and how deplorable is the degradation of both priests and people where popular superstitions have been long sanctioned by ecclesiastical authority, and the people are, in consequence, not sufficiently educated and enlightened to shake them off for themselves.

The first of these accounts is an extract from the diary of an English clergyman, the Rev. Henry Maundrell, a Fellow of Exeter College, Oxford, and chaplain to the English factory at Aleppo, who visited Jerusalem in the year 1697:—

“Saturday, April 8.—We went about mid-day to see the function of the holy fire. This is a ceremony kept by the Greeks and Armenians, upon a persuasion that every Easter Eve there is a miraculous flame which descends from heaven into the Holy Sepulchre, and kindles all the lamps and candles there, as the sacrifice was burnt at the prayer of Elijah.—1 Kings xviii.

“Coming to the church of the Holy Sepulchre, we found it crowded with a numerous and distracted mob, making a hideous clamour, very unfit for that sacred place, and better becoming bacchanals than Christians. Getting, with some struggle, through this crowd, we went up into the gallery, on that side of the church next the Latin convent, whence we could discern all that passed in this religious frenzy.

“They began their disorder by running round the Holy Sepulchre with all their might and swiftness, crying out as they went, ‘Hail!’ which signifies ‘This is he;’ or,

'This is it,' an expression by which they assert the verity of the Christian religion. After they had by their vertiginous circulations and clamours turned their heads, and inflamed their madness, they began to act the most antic tricks and postures, in a thousand shapes of distraction. Sometimes they dragged one another along the floor, all around the sepulchre; sometimes they set one man upright on another's shoulders, and in this posture marched round; sometimes they turned men with their heels upwards, and hurried them about in such an indecent manner as to expose their persons; sometimes they tumbled round the sepulchre, after the manner of tumblers on the stage. In a word, nothing can be imagined more rude or extravagant than what was acted upon this occasion.

"In this tumultuous frantic humour they continued from twelve to four of the clock, the reason of which delay was because of a suit that was then in debate before the *cadi* betwixt the Greeks and Armenians, the former endeavouring to exclude the latter from having any share in this miracle. Both parties having expended (as I was informed) five thousand dollars between them in this foolish controversy, the *cadi* at last gave sentence that they should enter the Holy Sepulchre together, as had been usual at former times. Sentence being thus given, at four of the clock both nations went on with their ceremony. The Greeks first set out in a procession round the Holy Sepulchre, and immediately at their heels followed the Armenians. In this order they compassed the Holy Sepulchre thrice, having produced all their gallantry of standards, streamers, crucifixes, and embroidered habits on this occasion.

"Toward the end of this procession, there was a pigeon came fluttering into the cupola over the sepulchre, at the sight of which there was a greater shout and clamour than before. This bird, the Latins told us, was purposely let fly by the Greeks to deceive the people into an opinion that it was a visible descent of the Holy Ghost.

"The procession being over, the *suffragan* of the Greek patriarch (he being himself at Constantinople), and the principal Armenian bishop, approached to the door of the sepulchre, and cutting the string with which it was fastened and sealed, entered in, shutting the door after them, all the candles and lamps within having been before extinguished in the presence of the Turks and other witnesses. The exclamations were doubled as the miracle drew nearer its accomplishment, and the people pressed with such vehemence towards the door of the Sepulchre that it was not in the power of the Turks set to guard it with the severest checks to keep them off. The cause of their pressing in this manner is the great desire they have to light their candles at the holy flame, as soon as it is first brought out of the Sepulchre, it being esteemed the most sacred and pure, as coming immediately from heaven.

"The two miracle-mongers had not been above a minute in the Holy Sepulchre when the glimmering of the holy fire was seen, or imagined to appear, through some chinks of the door, and certainly Bedlam itself never saw such an unruly transport as was produced in the mob at this sight. Immediately after came out the two priests, with blazing torches in their hands, which they held up at the door of the Sepulchre, while the people thronged about with inexpressible ardour, every one striving to obtain a part of the first and purest flame. The Turks, in the meantime, with huge clubs, laid on them without mercy; but all this could not repel them, the excess of their transport making them insensible of pain. Those that got the fire applied it immediately to their beards, faces, and bosoms, pretending that it would not burn like an earthly flame; but I plainly saw none of them could endure this experiment long enough to make good that pretension.

"So many hands being employed, you may be sure it could not be long before innumerable tapers were lighted. The whole church, galleries and every place, seemed instantly to be in a flame, and with this illumination the ceremony ended.

"It must be owned that those two within the sepulchre performed their part with great quickness and dexterity; but the behaviour of the rabble without very much discredited the miracle. The Latins take a great deal of pains to expose this ceremony as a most shameful imposture, and a scandal to the Christian religion, perhaps out of envy that others should be masters of so gainful a business; but the Greeks and Armenians pin their faith upon it, and make their pilgrimages chiefly upon this motive; and it is the deplorable unhappiness of their priests, that having acted the cheat so long already, they are forced now to stand to it, for fear of endangering the apostasy of their people.

"Going out of the church after the event was over, we saw several people gathered about the stone of unction, who, having got a good store of candles lighted with the holy fire, were employed in darning pieces of linen with the wicks of them and the melting wax, which pieces of linen were designed for winding sheets; and it is the opinion of these poor people that if they can but have the happiness to be buried in a shroud smutted with this celestial fire, it will certainly secure them from the flames of hell."—P. 127, *et seq.*, eighth edition, 1810.

Many people may, however, believe that scenes of such an outrageous description as that witnessed by Maundrell, might have happened in his time—viz., 1697, but that their

repetition is quite impossible in our own enlightened age. The following account of the same scenes by Mr. Calman, whose veracity is attested by a high authority, and who had an opportunity of seeing it only a few years ago, which has been reproduced in a little, and now particularly interesting book, "The Shrines of the Holy Land," may enable our readers to judge of the influence which the boasted march of intellect has produced on the Græco-Russian pilgrims, who assemble every Easter at Jerusalem.

"To notice all that was passing," says Mr. Calman, "within the church of the Holy Sepulchre during the space of twenty-four hours, would be next to impossible, because it was one continuation of shameless madness and rioting, which would have been a disgrace to Greenwich and Smithfield. Only suppose for a moment the mighty edifice crowded to excess with fanatic pilgrims of all the Eastern Churches, who, instead of lifting pure hands to God, without wrath and quarrelling, are led, by the petty jealousy about precedence which they should maintain in the order of their processions, into tumults and fighting, which can only be quelled by the scourge and whip of the followers of the false prophet.

"Suppose, farther, those thousands of devotees running from one extreme to the other, from the extreme of savage irritation to that of savage enjoyment, of mutual revelings and feasting, like Israel of old, who, when they made the golden calf, were eating and drinking, and rising to play. Suppose troops of men stripped half naked, to facilitate their actions, running, trotting, jumping, galloping to and fro the breadth and length of the church, walking on their hands with their feet aloft in the air, mounting on one another's shoulders, some in a riding and some in a standing position, and by the slightest push are all sent to the ground in one confused heap, which made one fear for their safety.

"Suppose, farther, many of the pilgrims dressed in fur caps, like the Polish Jews, whom they feigned to represent, and whom the mob met with all manner of insult, hurrying them through the church as criminals who had been condemned, amid loud execrations and shouts of laughter, which indicated that Israel is still a derision amongst these heathens, by whom they are still counted as sheep for the slaughter.

"About two o'clock on Saturday afternoon, the preparations for the miraculous fire commenced. The multitude who had been hitherto in a state of frenzy and madness, became a little more quiet, but it proved a quiet that precedes a thunderstorm. Bishops and priests, in full canonicals, then issued forth from their respective quarters, with flags and banners, crucifixes and crosses, lighted candles and smoking censers, to join or rather to lead a procession, which moved thrice round the church, invoking every picture, altar, and relic in their way to aid them in obtaining the miraculous fire.

"The procession then returned to the place from whence it started, and two gray-headed bishops, the one of the Greek and the other of the Armenian Church, were hurled by the soldiers through the crowd, into the apartment which communicated with that of the Holy Sepulchre, where they locked themselves in; there the marvellous fire was to make its first appearance, and from thence issue through the small circular windows and the door, for the use of the multitude. The eyes of all—men, women, and children—were now directed towards the Holy Sepulchre with an anxious expression, awaiting the issue of their expectation. The mixed multitude, each in his or her own language, were pouring forth their clamorous prayers to the Virgin and the saints to intercede for them on behalf of the object for which they were assembled, and the same were tenfold increased by the fanatic gestures and the waving of the garments by the priests of their respective communions, who were interested in the holy fire, and who were watching by the above-mentioned door and circular windows, with torches in their hands, ready to receive the virgin flame of the heavenly fire, and carry it to their flocks.

"In about twenty minutes from the time the bishops locked themselves in the apartment of the Holy Sepulchre, the miraculous fire made its appearance through the door and the two small windows, as expected. The priests were the first who lighted their torches, and they set out on a gallop in the direction of their lay brethren; but some of these errandless and profitless messengers had the misfortune to be knocked down by the crowd, and had their fire-brands wrested out of their hands, but some were more fortunate, and safely reached their destination, around whom the people flocked like bees, to have their candles lighted. Others, however, were not satisfied at having the holy fire second hand, but rushed furiously towards the Holy Sepulchre, regardless of their own safety; and that of those who obstructed their way, though it has frequently happened that persons have been trampled to death on such occasions.

"Those who were in the galleries let down their candles by cords, and drew them up when they had succeeded in their purpose. In a few minutes thousands of flames were ascending, the smoke and the heat of which rendered the church like the bottomless pit. To satisfy themselves, as well as to convince the Latins, the pilgrims, women as well as men, shamefully exposed their bare bosoms to the action of the flame of their lighted candles, to make their adversaries believe the miraculous fire differs from an ordinary one in being perfectly harmless.

"The two bishops, who a little while before looked themselves in the apartment of the Holy Sepulchre, now sallied forth out of it. When the whole multitude had their candles lighted, the bishops were caught by the crowd, lifted upon their shoulders, and carried to their chapels, amidst loud and triumphant acclamations. They soon, however, reappeared at the head of a similar procession to the one before, as a pretended thank-offering to the Almighty for the miraculous fire vouchsafed."—P. 121, *et seq.*

It appears, by comparing these two narratives of one and the same thing, though separated by a distance of a hundred and fifty years, that the only difference which will be found between them is, that in the time of Maundrell, 1697, the miraculous fire was produced in about one minute's time, whilst the performance of the same trick required twenty when it was observed by Mr. Calman. And, indeed, it has been justly observed by both these writers, that the exhibitors of the miraculous fire, having continued so long to practise this imposture, cannot leave it off without ruining their authority and influence over those whom they have thus been cheating for many centuries. This circumstance has been most pointedly expressed by the author of the work from which we have extracted Mr. Calman's description of this pious, or rather impious, fraud, and who says:—

"Had it been an occasional miracle, as time had rolled on, and truth had more and more illuminated the human mind, the practice might have been gradually discontinued. As the priests had grown more honest, and the people more enlightened, they might have mutually consigned these pious frauds to the oblivion of the darker ages; and if the blush of shame had risen up at the memories of the past, the world would have respected them the more for their honesty of purpose.

"But an annual miracle, always of the same specific kind, exhibited on the same spot, and at the same hour—an annual miracle—at what point of time should this be discontinued? and, if discontinued, would it not be manifest either that heaven had forsaken its favourites, or that all the past had been delusion and imposture?"—Pp. 127, 128.

Few, probably, will have read the foregoing narratives without having been reminded of a somewhat similar, and scarcely more decorous scene, which annually takes place somewhat nearer home than Jerusalem. We allude, of course, to the spectacle of the annual miracle of the liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius, at Naples, which might possibly have long since been discontinued, but for a similar apprehension on the part of the priesthood. We are sure that there are many enlightened Roman Catholics who are heartily ashamed of such exhibitions, and believe in the miracle as little as we do; but any of our readers who have not witnessed the ceremony, may like to see the graphic account given of it by an eye-witness in the present year, published in the *Illustrated London News* of 23rd June last. It is as follows:—

FESTIVAL AT NAPLES.

"The scene which we here present to our readers is the interior of the Church of Sta. Chiara, in Naples. It has a twofold interest—from its historical associations, and from the fact that the miracle of the liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius takes place annually in this Church, on the first Saturday in May. It was founded in 1310 by King Robert, who dedicated it to the Host; whilst his wife attached to it a monastery for the Sisters of Sta. Chiara. In this monastery are now educated the daughters of the first families of the kingdom. The Kings of the Two Sicilies are buried in this church; and the body of the first Queen of his present Majesty is not only the subject of a continued miracle, but works miracles—Ipsæ dixit. We now consider it however, merely as the site where once a year is wrought the noted miracle of the liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius. We premise, however, that King Robert commanded that the procession, on occasion of the grand fete of Corpus Domini, should walk from the Cathedral to this church, followed by the Sovereign and the grandees of the kingdom. That custom is still observed.

"On the first Saturday in the past month we went to see the blood of St. Januarius liquefied, and took up our station near the gallery erected for musicians on the right. The body of the church on each side was crowded with curious or devout spectators; on the left side of the altar, in the best reserved seats, were women of the lowest classes, who claim (and have their claims allowed) to be relatives of the saint, who suffered martyrdom A.D. 305. Above the arches, through these grated and highly-ornamented windows, or openings, we could catch a view of the nuns, who were looking down on the scene below. Poor creatures! it was their great field day. The choir performed some fine sacred music, and then at intervals the relations of the saint raised their voices in the loudest and most unearthly shriek, and some said they were praying or saying a rosary. The statue of the saint had been brought to the church in the morning, and now reposed on the high altar. His mitre, which was presented to him by the Council of Naples in 1713, cost 20,000 scudi. It is ornamented with 3328 diamonds, 198 emeralds, and 168 rubies. The pallium is of silver, and was made by Domenico Vinaccia, at an expense of 8,200 scudi. After

a long suspense, a general hush announced the approach of the procession from the cathedral. The spectacle was magnificent. One after the other, forty-seven statues of saints (who are the protectors of churches or religious bodies in Naples), followed by their respective orders or devotees, were taken round the church, and then carried back to the cathedral. As each passed the altar, the relatives of St. Januarius yelled or shrieked a prayer. The wealth expended on these statues must be immense; so great, indeed, that, though made at the expense of the several parishes of Naples, they are all kept in the cathedral, and are not permitted to leave it even for the annual fetes performed in their honour at the respective churches, unless a deposit has been made to the full amount of their value. The statue of the Archangel Michael, the special protector of Ferdinand II., was surrounded by the Regal Guard. The procession closed with the ampulla containing the blood of the Saint in a golden shrine, and under a canopy of gold and crimson cloth. It was carried by the Cardinal, and immediately preceded by the Seminarist, Municipality, gentlemen of Court, and dignitaries of the cathedral, whilst a military band followed, playing several selections from the "Traviata." Prayers were offered on the high altar by the Cardinal, who, taking the ampulla in both hands, worked it round and round. Immediately behind was a light, at which his eminence, stopping every now and then, examined the blood to ascertain if it were liquified. At each disappointment there were murmurs and shrieks, and prayers uttered. The words it was difficult to distinguish; but they generally are as follows:—

Tu sei morto per la Santa Fede,
Impetra a noi la grazia della Santa Fede,
E facci il miracolo.

If the miracle is delayed longer than usual these words are uttered:—"Faccia giallinta, come tu sei dispettosa! Campione di Christo, tu sei un bello santo!" "You yellow-faced fellow, how spiteful you are! Champion of Christ, you are a pretty saint!" A little bell in twenty minutes announced that the miracle was wrought; and from doubt, remonstrance, and despair, everything was changed in a moment to rejoicing. There was a buzz of congratulation through the church. "Thankee, thankee, St. Genuarino," said a man by my side. "We shall be safe from the cholera and make plenty of wine this year," said a young priest. "Last year, sir, it took a long time to liquefy, it became indurated again, and, and—we had the cholera." We have no farther concern with this miracle than as a spectacle, and, therefore, suspend all other observations. The Neapolitan populace, who believe it most profoundly, never think of inquiring about it, and seem to have adopted the maxim of the ancient Germans—"Sanctius ac reverentius de Diis credere quam scire." The King, too, during the following week goes in state with all his court to the cathedral, to kiss the ampulla.

Correspondence.

ST. CYRIL OF JERUSALEM.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CATHOLIC LAYMAN.

SIR—As you are rather severe in your last number on an eminent Father, whose catechetical lectures have come down to us as a valuable relic of antiquity—St. Cyril of Jerusalem—I think it but fair to call your attention to some passages from his works, which show that he was as great a lover of the Holy Scriptures as you yourself profess to be. As a lover of fair play, I hope you will have no hesitation in inserting them in your next number. I remain, sir,

Your obedient servant,
SCRUTATOR.

EXTRACT FROM ST. CYRIL.

"Embrace and keep," saith this eminent Father, "the faith which is now delivered to you by the Church, TAKEN FROM ALL THE SCRIPTURES; for as all cannot read the Scriptures, but some are prevented by unskillfulness, and others by occupation, lest any soul should perish through ignorance, we comprehend the whole doctrine of faith in a few verses. * * * And this faith I commend you to have as your *viaticum* through life, and to receive nothing more besides it, not even if we ourselves should change, and speak contrary to those things which we now teach you; nor even if an opposing angel, transformed into an angel of light, should seek to lead you into error. For although we or an angel from heaven should preach unto you another Gospel besides that which you receive, let him be anathema. And what you have taken in words, retain in your memory, and TAKE THE ORIGIN (Gr. *ἀναγινωσκον*) OF EACH HEAD, at a fitting time, FROM THE DIVINE SCRIPTURES. For the sum of the faith was not composed as it pleased men, but the most important things (Gr. *καίρια*), SELECTED OUT OF ALL THE SCRIPTURES, complete one doctrine of faith. And even as the mustard seed includes many branches in a little grain, so this faith, in a few words, incloses, as in a bosom, all the knowledge of piety contained as well in the Old as in the New Testament. Behold, therefore, my brethren, and hold fast the traditions which you now receive, and write them in the breadth of your hearts.*

* Cyril Hierosol. Cat. 5. De Fide et Symbolo, p. 78.

"Who can know the deep things of God, except the Holy Spirit alone, who has dictated the divine Scriptures? And yet the Holy Spirit himself has not spoken in the Scriptures concerning the generation of the Son from the Father. Why, then, should you laboriously inquire into those things which the Holy Spirit has not written in the Scriptures? Why shouldst thou, who knowest not those things which are written, seek to penetrate what is not written? There are many questions in the divine Scriptures: we do not comprehend what is written. Wherefore should we fatigue the mind about what is not written? Let it suffice us to know that God begat his only Son."*

We readily comply with the request of our correspondent, and can assure him we have no wish to keep back any part of the writings of the Fathers, especially those relating to subjects on which all the earlier Fathers are in truth unanimous, such as the passages he has quoted from St. Cyril.

We are obliged to "Scrutator" for calling our attention to those passages, from which we think some important conclusions may be deduced.

The extract given from Cat. 5, p. 78, contains one of the most distinct statements to be found in the writings of the Fathers, that the original creed of the Church was drawn entirely from the Holy Scriptures, and is, in fact, nothing but a brief compendium of what is taught therein, and was not founded on an independent tradition orally delivered. It speaks indeed of traditions, notwithstanding their Scriptural origin, because everything contained in the Holy Scriptures was transmitted or handed down. The word tradition we could easily show is employed by the other Fathers just in the same way. It seems too obvious to require any argument to prove it, that the traditions of faith contained in the creeds, and derived entirely from the Scriptures, do not yield the slightest warrant for that kind of tradition relied on by the Church of Rome, which presumes to add new articles of faith, of which the ancient Church, even in the days of St. Cyril, had no conception, not only without warrant from the Word of God, but even against it. Again, can any one believe that St. Cyril would have spoken of the sonship of Christ as an impenetrable mystery, which no man could safely venture to explain, as he has done in the second passage cited, if he believed that there was vested in the Church a power of developing doctrines not revealed in the Holy Scriptures, as now taught by Mr. Newman, the head of the Roman Catholic University of Ireland.

We are so far from wishing to conceal such passages, or to deny that St. Cyril (with a good deal of superstition and credulity) held, theoretically at least, the same sound views of Scriptural authority as most of the Fathers in early times, that we have pleasure in adding a further passage to those to which "Scrutator" has called our attention, and which, perhaps, is still more striking than either of them. When treating of the Holy Spirit, St. Cyril says:—"Let us speak only those things which are written; if anything be not written, let us not curiously seek to know it. THE HOLY SPIRIT HIMSELF HAS UTTERED THE SCRIPTURES; He has said whatever He chose concerning Himself, and all that we were able to receive. Let us speak, therefore, those things which are dictated by Himself, for what he has not said, we dare not."†

We would entreat our friend Mr. Power, who attaches so much weight to St. Cyril's authority, to weigh well the foregoing passages, and honestly say whether he believes that if St. Cyril had been at Rome on the 8th of last December, he would have dared to promulgate a new doctrine which the Holy Spirit has not uttered in the Scriptures, and which was unknown to the whole Church for, at least, twelve centuries.

LEGENDS OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CATHOLIC LAYMAN.

SIR—As you seem desirous of noticing the Roman Catholic literature of the day, allow me to invite your attention to a handsomely got up volume, printed by Charles Dolman, New Bond-street, entitled "*Legends of the Blessed Virgin*," collected from authentic sources. By J. Collin De Plancey. Translated from the French.

The translator, in his preface, apologizes for the title under which the sacred narratives which compose it are introduced. "Legends," or readings, are pieces of sacred literature (*legenda*, "to be read" as distinct from things *credenda*, or *agenda*, "to be believed or done"), not matters of faith, and, therefore, not of precept; but edifying narratives, which the faithful may read with profit, and which may, by God's blessing, be the means of arresting the attention of others to the marvels of the spiritual world. The volume contains, among other marvellous legends, that of the Holy House of Loreto, which, as you have already so fully examined its pretensions to be placed among the "*credenda*," or things "to be believed," I shall not occupy your time further with it.

Perhaps, however, you may find space to transcribe the following specimen of the edifying narrations contained in the book, which is taken verbatim from pp. 4-6.

I remain, sir, your obedient servant,

A CONSTANT READER.

* Ib. Cat. 11. De Filio Dei, p. 181.
† Cat. 16. De Spiritu Sancto, p. 244.

THE SPARROW.

"Sancta Maria." "Holy Mary." Holy Mary! How many charming legends are attached to the sweet name of Mary! Here is one which is generally regarded as a pious tale or parable.—

"In the early ages of Christianity, a pious solitary, great in the sight of God, but little known to men (though St. Bernard twice preached his panegyric, and composed the office for his festival), lived on the borders of the Aube, in a forest of Champagne. The ancient Gauls had here worshipped one of their gloomy divinities, for whom the Romans had substituted Saturn. The spot was thence called *Saturniacum*, when the solitary, whose name was Victor de Plancey came there, and built a chapel and a small hermitage.

"Numerous miraculous events followed this work. Among the most surprising were conversions, by which souls sold to perdition were redeemed to heaven; and hearts once frozen by egotism, and corrupted by vicious practices, were inflamed with charity, and brought forth such flowers of virtue as even the world is constrained to admire—phenomena which perplex the mind, but are easily explained by faith.

"The saint felt that the hours which he passed alone in his cell were the sweetest of his life. The only living creature near him was a tame sparrow, which he fed and cherished, regarding him as the emblem of solitude. Tenderly devoted to the Blessed Virgin, the holy hermit invoked her incessantly, and the only words he uttered aloud were, *Ave Maria*!

"Long accustomed to hear these words, and only these words, the sparrow learned to form them; and great (as may be imagined) was the joy of the recluse the first time the bird flew on his shoulder and cried in his ears, *Ave Maria*!

"At first imagining some holy spirit had come on a divine mission, the saint fell on his knees in reverence; but the bird continuing to chirp *Ave Maria! Ave Maria!* soon made him aware of the real source of those sweet sounds. The bird, from an innocent distraction, became a friend—almost a brother—a praying creature of God! He redoubled his care of him, and henceforth his solitude was agreeably enlivened.

"The modest bird, to whom the people gave the name of 'the little monk,' seemed on his part to share his master's joy. At the dawn of day his first cry was, *Ave Maria!* When Victor threw him his crumbs, the little bird sang a *grace of Ave Marias*; and on the hermit kneeling to his devotions, the bird would perch on his shoulder and softly whisper, *Ave Maria!*

"Victor cultivated a small garden. Could he for one instant have lost sight of the constant object of his thoughts, the faithful sparrow, on a tree, would have instantly recalled it by his *Ave Maria*!

"The Christians of the country, who came to consult the holy hermit in their troubles and doubts, much esteemed the little bird; and, on saluting them with his little prayer, they could not consider it to be otherwise than a miraculous favour, accorded to the solitary by our Blessed Lady.

"The sparrow, when free, took short flights into the country; and, when the hermit, in his meditative walks, had rambled further than his wont from his cell, he was sure to be reminded by the bird chirping an *Ave Maria*!

"One day in spring, as Victor lay ill upon his mat, he opened the wicket of his cell, and his little friend flew out, as was his custom. A few minutes afterwards, Victor was alarmed at seeing a sparrow-hawk pursuing his favourite. The bird of prey opened his beak, and spread his talons to seize and devour the poor sparrow, when the little bird, almost feeling the sharp claws of his enemy, screamed out *Ave Maria*! At this wonder, the hawk, startled and terrified, arrested his course, and the gentle sparrow had time to reach the cell; and, falling on the breast of Victor, faintly chirped an *Ave Maria*! and died."

[Ed.—From what authentic sources Mons. Collin de Plancey derived this pious tale, unless he be a lineal descendant from the holy hermit (whose surname, we observe, he bears), and has received it by unerring family tradition, from "the early ages of christianity!" we are at a loss to conceive, and should, indeed, almost suspect that the writer was desirous of bringing "Legends of Mary" into ridicule, by commencing with such an unedifying fable, if the very next chapter in his "*Legends*," was not one on the Council of Ephesus, in which St. Cyril of Alexandria, presided. We feel obliged to our friend for the volume, which we shall, probably, at a future period mention again.]

PADRE GIULIO ARRIGONI.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CATHOLIC LAYMAN.

(Translated from the Italian.)

MR. EDITOR—Reading to-day your most interesting journal, I was much delighted with the article, entitled "An Enlightened Roman Catholic Bishop." What your correspondent states as to the nature of his preaching is only the exact truth. He never used to speak of the Virgin or the saints, and when occasionally obliged to make some panegyric on them, he always invited his hearers only to imitate the virtues of Mary and the saints, but not to adore